

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1868.

NUMBER 51.

VOLUME 8.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
January 24, 1867.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

WINSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications. [Jan 24]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s. [Jan 24]

AMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel.

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and all claims collected. Real Estate sold, and payment of Taxes at auction. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Mortgages, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written, and all legal business promptly attended to. Pensions increased. Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended at his office. [May 23]

R. DE WITT ZEIGLER—
Having personally located in Ebensburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and vicinity.
Teeth extracted, without pain, with Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.
Rooms over R. R. Thomas' store, High street. [Sept 19]

DENTISTRY.
The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the practical experience of the highest authorities in dental science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise.

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
References: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, W. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Austin, of the Baltimore College.

Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week. [January 24, 1867.]

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
Ebensburg, Pa.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest paid on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted. [January 24, 1867.]

W. M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
ALTOONA, PA.
Drafts on the principal cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at our rates. [Jan 24]

W. M. LLOYD, Pres't. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ALTOONA.
GOVERNMENT AGENCY.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North Ward, Altoona, Pa.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....\$300,000 00
CASH CAPITAL PAID IN.....150,000 00
All business pertaining to Banking done on favorable terms.

Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand.

To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.; \$200 and upwards, 4 per cent. [Jan 24]

DEES J. LLOYD,
Successor of R. S. Bunn,
Dealer in
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.

Also:
Letter, Cap, and Note Papers,
Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink,
And other articles kept
by Druggists generally.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.
Office on Main street, opposite the Mountaineer, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

ELBRIDGE STILES,
Ebensburg, Pa.,
Manufacturer of Barrels, Kegs, Tubs, and Wooden ware generally. Meat stands and Kruit stands on hand and for sale.
Repairing done cheap for cash.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to. [Nov. 7, 1867-3m]

SAMUEL SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

ELEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE PROTECTION MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.

Amt. property insured as per 10th annual report.....\$388,380 04
Amt. property insured since 10th annual report.....75,737 66

Deduct amt. property insured in policies cancelled & expired.....16,906 93

Amt. premium notes in force as per 10th annual report.....\$7,285 68
Amt. notes taken since last annual report.....9,133 30

Deduct amt. notes cancelled and expired since last report.....3,172 40

No. policies in force as per 10th annual report.....405
No. policies since last report.....100

Deduct cancelled and expired.....30

Total number in force.....475

Bal. in Treas. Jan. 13, 1867.....\$ 442 34
Percent. on premiums collected since 10th annual report.....672 99
To amt. assessment No. 2.....1,735 24

Compensation officers & agents past year.....\$206 02
Incidental expenses past year.....94 58
By amt. pd. David Creed 230 74
By amt. pd. Robert Edwards.....1,200 00
By amt. pd. F. P. Tierney 200 00 1,981 34

Bal. in hands of Treas. and Agts. 919 23

OFFICERS FOR ENDSING YEAR:
President.....John Williams.
Secretary and Treasurer.....R. J. Lloyd.
Executive Committee.....B. Roberts, J. Crawford, Jno. Lloyd.

Agents.....Jno. E. Roberts, Evan Roberts.
Jan 30. R. J. LLOYD, Sec'y.

NEW CLOTHING STORE!

The subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has just received from the Eastern cities and opened out at his Store, on High street, three door east of Crawford's Hotel, Ebensburg, a very large, very fine, and very cheap stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

He has
FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING
of every style and quality—
Fine Frocks and Dress Coats, Business Coats, Crockets, Coats of all sorts and sizes; Cassimere and Doeskin Pantalons, and Pantalons for every-day wear; Vests of any and every description.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!
By odds the best assortment in town.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TRAVELING BAGS!
As well as Trunks, Valises, Carpet Sacks and traveling gear in general.

Not to go into details too deeply, suffice it to say that he keeps a

FIRST CLASS CLOTHING STORE!

where anything and everything pertaining to the decoration and comfort of the outer man can be obtained at easy prices.

Remember that this is the only regular, first-class clothing store in town. The public are requested to call and examine the stock. In extent, variety, and cheapness of price, they will find it unrivalled.

J. A. MAGUIRE & CO.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
"THE BLUE-COATS," and How They Lived, Fought and Died for the Union, with scenes and incidents in the Great Rebellion, comprising narratives of Personal Adventure, thrilling incidents, daring exploits, heroic deeds, wonderful escapes, life in the camp, field and hospital; adventures of Spies and Scouts, together with the songs, ballads, anecdotes and humorous incidents of the war, splendidly illustrated with over 100 fine portraits and beautiful engravings.

There is a certain portion of the war that never goes into the regular histories, nor is embodied in romance or poetry, which is a very real part of it, and will, if preserved, convey to succeeding generations a better idea of the spirit of the conflict than many dry reports or careful narratives of events, and this may be called the gossip, the fun, the pathos of the war. This illustrates the character of the leaders, the humor of the soldiers, the devotion of women, the bravery of men, the pluck of our heroes, the romance and hardships of the service.

The valiant and brave hearted, the picturesque and dramatic, the witty and marvelous, the tender and pathetic, and the whole panorama of the war are here thrillingly portrayed in a masterly manner, at once historical and romantic, rendering it the most ample, unique, brilliant and readable book that the war has called forth.

Amusement as well as instruction may be found in every page, as graphic detail, brilliant wit, and authentic history, are skillfully interwoven in this work of literary art.

Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address, JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philad., Pa. [12]

PETER McDERMOTT, Manufacturer of and Dealer in
SARSAPARILLA, MINERAL WATER, BOTTLING ALE, AND PORTER,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

All orders promptly attended to.

Where is Little May?

I have searched in the garden paths,
Where the children used to play—
In the shady nook
By the silver brook,
But I cannot find our May.

Perhaps she is out in the meadow,
Hiding from me in the hay.
Are you there, little one?
It is time to go home—
It is no longer day.

I hear a step on the stair,
And a ring of laughter gay:
'Twas a neighbor's child
Looked up and smiled,
And not our little May.

The kindly neighbors come,
In vain, to cheer away
The deepening gloom
Round the sad hearthstone—
Where is our little May?

Why does she stay so long?
I have called her many a day;
Will she never come
To our darkened home?
Where is our little May?

Gone, forever gone,
From her childhood's home away!
'Neath this little mound
Of new-made ground
Sleepeth our little May!

"Tramps."

"No tramps here!" said I, and I shut the door in his face.

The wind blew so hard that I could scarcely close the door, and the sleet was beating on the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm.

"No tramps here," I said; "I'm a lone woman, and afraid of 'em."

Then the man, whom I couldn't see for the dark, went away from the door—chomp! chomp! went the sound of his footsteps through the slush, and I heard the gate creak; and then, chomp! chomp! came the man back again, and he knocked on the door—knocked not half so loud as he had before. I opened the door, hot and angry. This time I saw his face; a pale, ghostly face, with yellow-brown hair, cropped close, and great, staring blue eyes. He put his hand against the door, and held it open.

"How far is it to the next house, ma'am?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I.

"And there is no tavern?"

"No; no drunks to be got there. It's Miss Mitten's, and she's as set against tramps as I am."

"I don't want to drink," said the man, "but I want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. I've been wounded in the army, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents' at Greenbank, where I can rest till I'm better; and all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid. Just let me lie before the fire, and give me a crust to keep me from starving—and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me, with his mild blue eyes, in a way that would have caused me to relent if I had not seen so much of those imposters. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier, traveling homeward, wounded, robbed, and all that. One that I had been silly enough to help limped away out of sight, as he thought, and then shouldered his crutches—I was at the garret window and saw him—and tramped it with the strongest.

"No doubt your pocket is full of money now," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you!"

Drusilla, my niece, was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then, she came to the door and motioned with her mouth to me, "Do let him stay, aunty."

"Go away with you!" said I, louder than before; "I won't have this any longer."

He gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went chomp! chomp! through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when directly came the knock at the door once more—this time hardly like a knock at all, so faint and tremulous was it.

When I opened the door, he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, of all impudence!" said I.

He looked at me, and said he, "Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any farther to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," said I, and just then it came to my mind that I hoped my son Charles, who had been a soldier—an officer he had got to be, mind you—wanted to see his, and would soon.

"I have been wounded, as you see," said he.

"Don't go a showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy 'em, so they told me, to go begging with now. I read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, so's our clergyman, agin giving anything, unless it's through some well organized society. Tramps are an abomination. And as for

keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drusilla came to the door and said: "Let him stay, aunty," with her lips again, but I took no notice.

So he went, and this time did not come back, and I sat down by the fire, and listened to the wind and sleet, and felt the warm fire, and smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove; and I ought to have been comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself by, and I went to my work basket to get the sock I had been knitting for my Charlie; and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie, with fringe around it, and written on with ink, "C. F. to R. H.,"

and inside was a bit of tobacco and an old pipe, and a letter; and then I saw at the top, "My dear son."

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one big thump, as though it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true, and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and the candles and the nice, comfortable smell might not have been at all, I was so cold and wretched. And over and over again I had to say to myself what I had heard our pastor say so often: "Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends, always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks were wet.

But I did not cry long, for as I sat there, hash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Hallo, mother!" And I went to the door and soon had him in my arms, my great, tall, handsome son. And there he was, in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder-straps, as hearty as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put his horse up; and then I had him by the fire again, my own boy, and Drusilla, who had been up-stairs crying, came down all in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and she kissed him, and then away she went to set the table, and soon the nice hot things smoked on the cloth white as snow. How Charlie enjoyed them! But once, in the midst of it all, I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I know I turned pale, for Drusilla said, "What is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?"

I said nothing, but it was this, kind of like the ghost of a step going chomp! chomp! over the frozen snow, kind of like the ghost of a voice saying "Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give me any kind of a crust," kind of like seeing one that had a mother dropping down on the wintry road and freezing and starving to death. That was what it was, but I put it away, and only then thought of my Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire after tea was done, and he told us things about the war I'd never heard before—how the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And he told me how he had been set upon by the enemy and been badly wounded, and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow-soldier had saved him and carried him away, fighting his path back to camp.

"I'd never have seen you but for him," said Charlie; "and if there's a man on earth I love, it's Rob Hadway. We've shared each other's rations and drank from the same canteen many a time, and if I had a brother, I couldn't think more of my life!"

"Why don't you bring him home to see your mother, Charlie?" said I. "For your sake I love him too, and anything I could do for the man who saved my boy's life wouldn't be enough. Send for him, Charlie!"

But Charlie shook his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother," said he, "I don't know whether Rob Hadway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks, he was taken prisoner; and the prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good, but can find no trace of him. He has a mother, and she lives at Greenbank. My dear, good, noble Rob—preserver of my life!"

And I saw Charlie nearly crying.

To keep us from seeing the tears, he got up and went to the mantle-piece. I did not look around until I heard a cry.

"Great heavens! what is this?"

I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped in his hand.

"Where did this come from?" said he.

"I feel as though I had seen a ghost. I gave this to Rob Hadway the day he saved me. We soldiers did not have much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived. How did it come here, mother?"

I fell back in my chair, white and cold, and said I, "A wandering tramp left it here. Never Rob, my dear; never your Rob. He must have been an imposter. I wouldn't have turned any person really in want away. Oh, no! no! no! no! It is another pouch, child; not that, or

he stole it. A tall fellow, wounded, he said, and going to his mother at Greenbank. Not your Rob, though!"

Charlie stood staring at me, with clenched hands. He said, "It was my Rob; it was my dear old Rob, who saved my life, and you have driven him out, and on such a night as this, mother!"

"Curse me, Charlie," said I; "curse me, if you like—I'm afraid God will. Three times he asked me for only a crust and a place to lie on, and I drove him away. Oh, if I had known—if I had known!"

Charlie caught up his hat.

"I'll find him if he's alive," he said; "oh, Rob, my dear friend!"

Add then—I never saw the girl in such a flurry—down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she were saying her prayers, exclaiming, "Thank God, I dared do it!"

And then says she to me, "O, aunty, I've been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I could not see him, so faint and hungry and wounded, turned away, and so I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and I've been so frightened all the while thinking what you'd say and do when you found it out!"

"The good Lord bless you, Drusilla!" spoke Charlie; and "Amen!" said I.—And she, getting bolder, went on: "And I took him up hot short cake and apple sauce and tea; and I took him a candle, and a hot brick for his feet, and told him to eat, and then go to bed in the best chamber."

And so, Rob—it was Charlie's friend, after all—had not been turned out into the bitter cold to perish, but, thanks to Drusilla, had been fed, and sheltered, and saved.

After that, Charlie helped Rob into business, in which he prospered greatly. And he got over his wounds at last, and grew as handsome as a picture, and to-day a week he is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give you anything I have," I said to him, "even to Drusilla."

I said this to him when he asked me for Drusilla's hand, telling me that he had loved the girl ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

I don't drive beggars from the door now as I used to, and no doubt I'm imposed on sometimes; but this is what I say, "Better to be imposed upon always, than to be cruel to one who is really in need of your help." And I've read my Bible better of late, and lay particular store by these words, "Even as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Mr. Morrell on Finance.

Subjoined we give an extract from a speech of Hon. D. J. Morrell on the financial condition of the country, delivered in the National House of Representatives on the 25th ultimo:—

"I have briefly disputed the theories which trace fancied evils to our 'redundant currency'; but they may be answered more briefly. There is no redundancy of the currency. England needs and uses of money twenty-five dollars per capita, double the amount we have in this country, and France employs thirty dollars per capita. It cannot be said that the United States require less than France and England, for our population is more widely diffused than that of either of these countries, with the larger and more varied demands growing out of larger liberty, and our exchanges are made with less rapidity than theirs. Money here has less purchasing power than there—turns itself more slowly, and has in every way less utility. An equal amount of money would not place us upon an equal footing. Let us go honestly to work to make our currency exchangeable at par for gold and silver, and then remove all restrictions from banking capital and bank issues, so that the 'natural volume of the currency' may be established and maintained by the same law of supply and demand which regulates production and business."

"As we must always have paper currency and banks of issue, I wish to see our national banking system reformed, extended, and perpetuated. The arguments for and against it have been so able and exhaustive that I can add nothing of worth to the controversy. But I must say that I would regret to see the United States Treasury become the only bank of issue in this country. It is better for the Government and the people that this business should be in the hands of the people. Whatever profits are made from it are not lost to the country; and the fact that men of all parties have direction of the banks and own the United States bonds on which their privileges rest is a warranty against their becoming a political power, and will tend greatly to sustain the stability and credit of the Government."

I think it has been satisfactorily shown that in the taxes the banks pay and the services they render, the Government receives compensation for their privileges. If they are dissolved and the country is turned back upon the old State banking system, the bonds they own will be thrown upon the market. The interest upon these must still be paid, and the sure revenue yielded to the Treasury by the taxation of banks will be lost.

"The national system may be made to give equitable local distribution to the

currency. It now certainly effects a vast saving in brokerages and exchanges to the whole people. Certain amendments to the system should be made. Existing gross inequalities in the distribution of banking privilege should be corrected, so that the West and South may have their fair share. More important still, there should be for national bank loans a uniform rate of interest prescribed by the laws of the United States. This more than anything else will tend to give their notes a local habitation and local uses, to prevent centralization and relieve depression, check speculation, and favor the people. The interests of the people demand a plentiful currency, and it should be so cheap that the enterprising business man and the laboring poor man may have the use of it. The much-talked-of 'tyranny of capital' consists solely in the high charges which may be made for the use of money; and in this the Government has made itself the ally of the money-lender by placing its loans at a high rate of interest. Just as soon as it is possible, consistent with the good faith to the public creditor, our six per cent. bonds should be converted into four per cents, and five per cent. should be fixed as the uniform rate of bank interest. It should not be the policy of the Government to induce capital to subsist at ease upon the tax which it derives from labor, but rather to make it profitable or necessary for it to ally itself with labor, to create and share the rewards of industry. Make capital cheap and we will have many capitalists who are laborers and laborers who are capitalists. Make it cheap, and money will ally itself with work upon terms constantly more favorable to work. At present, securing itself from all risk, and without having even the necessity of watchfulness or supervision, money demands and receives over seven per cent. of profit, and it will not assume risks without largely increased compensation, which labor must pay, and which is just so much withdrawn from the share of the laborer.

In England and on the Continent, money once safely united with labor in productive industry is seldom withdrawn. The projector dies, and his widow carries on the business. His sons in time succeed, and their sons follow them. The style of some firms has not changed for centuries.

"In those countries, Government is the ally of industry, and provides that capital, if it will have perfect ease and absolute safety, shall find it only in three per cent. investments. It is owing to this policy that their laborers are enabled to sustain vast military establishments, a costly aristocracy and monarchy, and pay the interest upon enormous public debts. We may well adopt it, not for the benefit of a ruling class, for we have none, nor to maintain armies which we do not need, but for the benefit of the whole people.—Should our government continue its alliance with the money interest, this will soon be the worst country in the world for laboring men, and it would be so now were it not for the vast bodies of public lands open to free settlement. The national banking system gives opportunity to effect this beneficent reform, to which the banks will not object, for upon its adoption all the complaints of their opponents will be silenced."

"The proposition to retire the national bank currency and substitute greenbacks has been urged as a measure of economy; but instead of doing this, I would at once authorize new organizations of banks to such an extent as to give them \$200,000,000 more of notes for circulation.—This, with the greenbacks in existence, will make the currency amount to nearly \$900,000,000, approaching but not equaling the per capita circulation of England. This increase can be so apportioned as to remedy the present most unjust discriminations against the West and South, now nearly destitute of banking capital and money, and the volume of circulating medium will not be increased to that extent, because the greenbacks will be largely held as a reserve and for purposes of redemption. When redemption is effected, it will be safe to throw open the banking privilege without limitation, as it would then be regulated by the demands of business, and being free and open to competition like other occupations, it would be subject to the same laws. I am confident that no more banks would be organized and no more notes would be put in circulation than could find proper and profitable employment."

WHEN Lincoln was assassinated, the Queen wrote a letter of sympathy to his widow, and the Rev. Newman Hall had a conversation with Robert Lincoln on the topic, and "asked him about the Queen's letter." "Yes," said Robert, "we have been often asked about the letter; we have been asked to publish it. But it is a long letter of three pages, the outgushing of a generous woman's heart, and my mother and myself thought it would not be right to publish a letter written in the effusion of a woman's heart."

COL. A. K. McCLELLAN offers for sale a controlling interest in the Chambersburg Repository, one of the best country papers in the State.

The latest startling report is that Valandigham offers to deliver public lectures on Biblical subjects.